her cruel, greedy, drink-reddened eyes peered over the hedge, watching him at work in the little garden, trying to make amends there for his father's absence.

But all her watching did not succeed in showing her any likely means of getting Freddy Yates into her power, or help her to think out any feasible plan for making him lead the life she wished, even if she were successful in getting hold of him.

Young Yates was a very big and sturdy boy of his age, a very clever one besides. Not a tiny, timid scrap of a fellow, to be easily picked up and run away with, and then brought up after what fashion his kidnapper should choose. Besides, he knew her husband, and her husband knew him quite well, and so, unless she intended for the future to keep away from Jem and support herself and her child with her own work, her plan was altogether unfeasible.

For it was most perfectly certain that Jem would not let Freddy Yates be kept away from his own home. And moreover, Sarah Stokes had a strong suspicion that the said Jem would be rather rejoiced than otherwise for the law to get hold of her for the theft.

But although a reluctant decision was thus come to, to let Freddy alone, at any rate for the present, the resolve, once made, was clung to as firmly as ever.

Sarah Stokes turned her attention next to the baby. One baby was the exact counterpart of another baby to a man's eyes, unless it happened to be his own. Jem was not in the least likely to recognise the Yates' baby as having any connection with the family he had lately chosen to take into his good graces.

There was also this additional circumstance in favour of taking the baby, that before Sarah had become such a confirmed drunkard she had gained a great reputation for her kind and clever management of young children; and several sickly little ones had been sent to her, even since her marriage, to be nursed back into health. Jem would only think that some unfortunate mother had made the mistake of sending one to her now, when she was no longer fit to have even a helpless puppy committed to her tender mercies.

But while her cogitations were thus fixed upon Sandy's youngest child, with the base delight, in anticipation, that with an infant she would have it all her own wicked way in its training, a slight incident raised her dangerous attention a step higher.

Just as she lurched out of a public-house one day, when it was yet too early in the afternoon for her to be more than on the borders of intoxication, Mary Yates was passing the house, a market-basket held in one hand, a child held by the other. Mary did not see her former fellow servant—she had no eyes for public-houses and their frequenters—although Sarah instantly took note of her, and stood still, leaning up against the house wall, listening, while Mary chatted a minute with a friend she met.

"What a sweet little man you are, you bonny boy," said the friend, as she stooped to kiss the child Mary had with her.

Lifting herself up again, she added, impressively, "You may well be proud of him, Mrs. Yates. Far nor near I've never seen a lovelier boy, I do declare, and for all the world with a face like a cherub."

Mary smiled down fondly at the object of her friend's praise. "Aye," she said, "true enough; our Charlie is out and away the flower of our flock, and the very apple of his father's eye."

Of what else the companions talked the listener took no heed.

So that golden-haired boy, with those great, wonderful-looking blue eyes, was out and away the flower of the Yates' flock, was he? And the very apple of his father's eye? aye, and of his mother's, too, to judge by the way she gazed down upon him, and by the tone of her voice.

He was but a baby, too. The advantages she had seen in the prospective theft of the infant would hold good for this Charlie also, if she could but hide him up for a bit, out of sight of her husband, and till the hue and cry after him should be exhausted.

Years hence, when this child should be grown into such a lad as he was likely to become with the joint training of her and her son, Mary Yates should have this apple of her eye back again, if she liked, and perhaps Mary would learn, then, to be sorry she had turned up her nose at old friends.

As the weeks went by Sarah Stokes grew quite rejoiced that she had not been able to lay hands on either of the children she had first picked out as victims of her envious spite.

The second boy was so evidently the little king in his home, that he was called, that Sarah became more eager than ever to snatch him away from the love lavished on him, the more convinced she became of its intensity.

But happily it is not quite an easy thing to steal away a cherished child, even when folks haunt its home as man-eating tigers haunt an Indian village.

But at last—at last, when taunts and jealousy and the fierce madness of drink had united to inflame the miserable woman's worst passions—at last the long-sought opportunity came.

There, in the crowd assembled to do honour to the railway porter, there, with the most cruel intentions towards him and his family, was Sarah Stokes—close in the vicinity of the Yateses, watching, always watching, and with the mingled boldness and cunning of semi-drunkenness to help her attempts.

Then there came the surging of the throngs of people, the tumultuous cheers, little Charlie's terrified petition to go to mother, and as Molly released his hand Sarah Stokes stretched out hers, snatched the tiny one tight to her, and when the great wave of the crowd was pouring up to the door of the town-hall, bearing Mary and Molly on with it, Mrs. Stokes was rapidly backing out of it; the more readily made way for in that she had a shrieking child almost smothered up in her ragged shawl.

"My little 'un's hurt and frightened by all you tearing idjuts," she explained, roughly, to some strangers, through whose ranks she was careful to make her way.

Not that any suspicion would have been likely to attach to her, even had she been seen with the screaming child in her arms by those who knew her. For few knew her at all intimately, and screaming children as much abounded in her neighbourhood as drunken women. She might own half-a-dozen of them for all that most Peterson folk knew.

Of course Jem and that poor young neglected scamp of an only son of hers were better informed. But Jem was engaged more than a hundred miles away, as has been said, on a new spell of railway work.

"And likely to be away many a full week yet, thank goodness," muttered Sarah, as she hurried home, administering a shake now and then, as she went, to the shrieking, terrified child in her arms.

"Hold yer row, ye little imp," she muttered, viciously. "If yer don't I'll smother ye."

From the way she was carrying little Charlie, literally like a bundle wrapped in her shawl, it was scarcely necessary to put in that "if."

Before Sarah Stokes reached her door the cries had ceased from exhaustion and suffocation.

"Bah!" she ejaculated, as she sat down in her inner room, after carefully locking the door, and unrolled the shawl from the fainting child. "Bah! Spiteful little toad to begin by giving me all this trouble. Ye'd like to die off, I shouldn't wonder, right away, and balk me after all. But not so fast, I thank ye. Ye're to live and grow up, and take pattern by my boy, and then ye shall go back to your mammy, and welcome."

Meantime, while she thus muttered over him, she also set to work to restore the poor little fellow to consciousness; instinct rather than humanity calling forth some of the almost forgotten tenderness of touch, although it was not now allied to any tenderness of heart.

With a gasping sob Charlie came out of his swoon once more, and with a low, pathetic murmur of "Muvver, muvver," he turned his face, still in the dreaminess of his semi-wakeful state, to the woman's breast.

In a momentary condition of equally dreamy forgetfulness, Sarah Stokes responded for an instant to the baby caress.

Even to her there was something in it of sweetness and preciousness. Even she—who shall say?—even she might have had her heart softened towards this sweet little one, had the caress been followed up by more. But alas for poor Charlie! Suddenly he lifted his eyes to the face bending over him. Once more he saw the blear eyes and bloated features, and, baby as he was, keen repulsion was as visible on the innocent countenance as terror.

With a wild, startled cry he threw his head as far back as he could from his captor, and made a frantic effort to escape—a dove from a vulture.

Sarah Stokes nipped him tight in her hands, and so held him, after a moment, that he could no longer struggle.

Only in the child's pure eyes was there any longer any power to carry on a contest with her; and hers fell before the greatness of the horror in their wonderful blue depths.

Unfortunately, consciousness of her shame only increased her vindictiveness. Even this mere baby of the Yates family presumed to regard her as something inferior to himself and his own belongings.

"All right, my fine little cock-sparrow," she burst out, after the instant's pause. "All right! I'm not good enough for the likes o' ye, mebbe. But we'll soon enough ha' the scales even, by makin' ye bad enough for the likes o' me. Only wait a bit. Aye, aye. Only just ye and your fine mother wait a bit, that's all."

And so running on, with words of which the child of course understood nothing, except that they were angry ones, she started up, and going to the third and innermost of all her rooms, almost flung the child out of her arms on to the floor.

"There, mewl away there, as long as ye like, ye impudent little brat, you," she exclaimed, unconsciously taking to herself openly the condemnation in the gaze of the pure blue eyes.

"Ye wanted to get free of me, and now I'll be quit o' the bother o' you, till perhaps ye'll be glad to get even Sarah Stokes's dreadful, horrid face back to look at."

It almost was so, indeed, for the cruel woman was as bad as her word.

While Sandy and Mary Yates were seeking their missing darling, and even yet for hours after the search had been given up as useless for that night, the fair, gentle little child sat crouched in a corner of the lonely room, too numbed with terror, cold, hunger, darkness, and desolation to either cry or sleep.

It was, indeed, a mercy that no vision came to his parents of these awful hours in their little child's baby life—hours of which the gloomy horror never in all after years faded from his memory.

Excepting that with young children, as with some susceptible organisations amongst their elders, the sense of loneliness is a pain almost as great as any they can be called upon to endure, the heavy trials of Charlie's first night at the Stokes's were little alleviated when Mrs. Stokes stumbled back into the room once more, between twelve and one o'clock, in a thorough state of intoxication.

Some boon companion, as miserably worthless as herself, had roused her ire during the drinking bout, and now she went lurching and tumbling about the room, cursing and swearing at the absent woman with a mad fury of look and voice that almost put her unremembered, unnoticed prisoner beside himself with alarm.

All through the long, long, long hours of that night those strangely beautiful blue eyes kept their wide open, solemn watch.

Dawn began to break—the late dawn of a November morning—and at length the merciful spirit of sleep, as of all other comfort, touched the soft and smooth white eyelids, and chill and hungry and cramped, still crouched in the narrow corner where he had first ensconced himself, still with his pretty straw hat hanging round his neck by the elastic, as it had been pushed by the shawl in the first minute of his capture, Charlie slept.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GOLDEN-HEADED PRISONER.

A DRINKER'S temper is generally bad enough on first awaking from a drunken sleep. Naturally, Sarah Stokes offered the world no exception to the common rule, as her temper was never good, nowadays, even at the best of times.

That she had a racking headache was her first conscious sensation, followed by a fevered craving for a cup of tea.

"Josh," she called from her bed, "Josh, you young imp! If ye don't answer this minute ye shall get a cuff o' the ears as ye won't easy forget this side Christmas, I warrant."

But both calls and threats were wasted on the walls.

For the safe guarding of her tiny prisoner Mrs. Stokes had locked all her doors, even to the outermost one, when she started forth to spend her evening loitering in and out of her most favoured gin-palace. In so doing, she had not only locked Charlie Yates in, but she had locked her own boy, Josh, out.

After waiting around for her to return till he was tired, Josh went off to the chief entrance of one of the theatres, stole a lady's fan from her side as she was getting into a cab, and so provided himself with a supper and the share of a bed with an older and more hardened ne'er-do-well in a common lodging-house.

Mutual plans, made overnight, between the two lads, took them off in the morning, miles away from Peterson, to do a little poaching, and "have a general lark," as the elder youth described his programme for the next few days.

Mrs. Stokes might well call vainly for her son, not only that first morning, but for many more to come, and seek him vainly, too, in Peterson, for the "general lark" wound up with the lodgment of Josh in Masterton Jail.

Meantime, when Sarah had called, and shouted, and stormed till she was tired, and so hoarse besides that the desired cup of tea was a greater necessity than before, she dragged herself out of bed, and into the other rooms, first of all in the search for the boy, which was of course as fruitless as the calls had

been, and then to take upon herself the task of lighting her fire and filling her kettle, since she could not get the services done by another.

The wise and helpful proverb has it: "A place for everything, and everything in its place." But in Sarah Stokes's home, if home it could be called, there was no recognised place for anything, and everything was anywhere.

At the present time the match-box, rather fortunately for Charlie Yates, was on the floor in the corner where he sat huddled up, asleep. Having hunted everywhere else for it, Sarah Stokes at last came there. For a few moments she stood looking down, startled.

"What did that slightly-moving, golden-crowned bundle mean?"

Memory of yesterday's doings came back slowly to her muddled brain.

"Bless us," she muttered at length, with an uneasy laugh. "If I hadn't clean forgotten the little brat. No bed, and never a bite between his lips. 'Twouldn't be so much wonder if he did go off."

Snatching him up by the arm, she tossed him on to the untidy bed she had just left; but it was warm, and that was much to the poor little chilled, cramped limbs.

"There, you little idiot," she snapped. "Why couldn't you get up there last night. But ye're nought but a little rat, and a rat's hole comes nateral, I suppose."

She had better have said nought but a lamb, and as likely to seek her couch as a lamb to seek a wolf's.

A couple of hours or so later Charlie was locked securely into the inner room, yet again alone, as last night, while his jailer went forth to get her morning dram.

Worn out and exhausted with his yesterday's miseries, and his long night's vigils, the child could do nothing more now than lie still where he had been left, mechanically sucking the bit of bread which had been thrust into the pink, soft hand, and wondering his solemn baby wonder over this strange, new, terrible thing which had come into his life, until at length tears began to flow once more, only to cease with sleep.

But he had not enjoyed his sorrowful peace long before the doors were unlocked again with hasty hand, and with a hand, if possible, still more hasty, relocked behind Sarah as she came tearing back to her own place, with alarm and malignant triumph striving for expression on her countenance.

The whole town was up in arms about the calamity that had befallen its hero, Sandy Yates.

"The very apple of the poor fellow's eye stolen," was the cry heard around on every side.

"And on that day of all days in the poor chap's life!"

"Only let us catch the thieves, and we'll scrag them, chuck them in the river, tear them limb from limb."

These were some of the threats Sarah Stokes heard growled from beneath the lowering brows of men who looked as if they would be only too rejoiced to be able to carry them out.

Every blank wall, and the railway-bridge and its piers, and the wharf, had huge posters, and the town-hall blazed with them. Nearly every shop window in Peterson, and even those of some private houses too, had handbills in them. And posters and handbills were all to the same effect.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE WIFE.

Flowers spring to blossom
where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing.

Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask?—who dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living:
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving. Whittier.

HER MAJESTY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, 1846.
(From the Painting by H. E. Dawe.)

QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

A JUBILEE, or a fiftieth anniversary of the reign of a king or queen, is a very rare event in our history. Rather more than a thousand years have rolled away since the time when Egbert was the first king of all England. And in all these thousand years, there have only been *three* jubilees before that now being celebrated, and these three have each been clouded by some national or personal misfortune casting a gloom over the rejoicings which would naturally have taken place on such an occasion. It is rather curious that each of the three kings of England who has reached a fiftieth year of sovereignty has been the third of his name to occupy the throne. Henry III., Edward III., and George III., are the only English sovereigns, before Victoria, who have reigned for as long as fifty years. In the case of Henry the Third, the fifty years of his reign are a record of bad government, rebellion, and civil war. Edward the Third's reign, which began so triumphantly, ended in disaster; the king had fallen into a kind of dotage; Edward the Black Prince had died before his father, and the kingdom was ruled by the incompetent and unscrupulous John of Gaunt; the last years of this reign were characterised by military disasters, by harsh and unjust methods of taxation, and by subservience to the papacy. Those who thus sowed the wind were not long in reaping the whirlwind; for these misfortunes were followed by the 100 years' war with France, by the peasants' war under Wat Tyler, and by the persecution of heretics in England, when for the first time in our history a statute was passed forfeiting the lives of men and women for their religious opinions. Passing on to the reign of George III., the jubilee of 1810 must have been a sad one, for the poor king had twice had attacks of madness, and one of exceptional severity began in the very year of the jubilee.

Happily, on the present occasion the spell is broken. The Queen is not the third, but the first of her name, and although there are no doubt many causes for anxiety as regards the outlook in our political and social history, yet there are still greater causes for hopefulness and for confi-

dence that the marvellous improvement in the social, moral, and material condition of the people which has marked the reign in the past will be continued in the future.

It is not very easy at this distance of time to picture to one's self the passion of loyalty and devotion inspired by the young girl who became Queen of England in 1837. To realise what was felt for her, one must look at the character of the monarchs who had immediately preceded her. The immorality and faithlessness of George IV. are too well known to need emphasis. He was probably one of the most contemptible human beings who ever occupied a throne; he was eaten up by vanity, self-indulgence and grossness. With no pretence to conjugal fidelity himself, he attempted to visit with the severest punishment the supposed infidelity of the unhappy woman who had been condemned to be his wife. Recklessly extravagant where his own glorification or pleasure was concerned, he could be penurious enough to a former boon companion who had fallen into want. There is hardly a feature in his character, either as a man or a sovereign, that could win genuine esteem or love. Mrs. Somerville was present at the gorgeous scene of his coronation, when something more than a quarter of a million of money was spent in decorations and ceremonial. She describes the tremendous effect produced upon every one by the knocking at the door which announced that Queen Caroline was claiming admittance. She says every heart stood still; it was like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. Only by contrast with such a man as George IV. could William IV. be regarded with favour. Several prominent offices about the court were occupied by the Fitz Clarences, his illegitimate children. His manners were described as "bluff" by those who wished to make the best of them; "brutal" would have been a more accurate word. On one occasion a guest at one of his dinner parties asked for water, and the king, with an oath, exclaimed that no water should be drunk at his table. On another occasion, on his birthday, he took the opportunity, in the presence of the young Princess Victoria and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, to make the most unmanly and ungenerous attack upon the latter, who was sitting by his side. Greville speaks of this outburst as an extraordinary and outrageous speech. The Princess burst into tears, and her mother rose and ordered her carriage for her immediate departure.

It is no wonder that the Duchess of Kent was anxious, as far as possible, to keep her daughter from the influence of such a court as this. Much of the Queen's conscientiousness and punctual discharge of the political duties of her station may be attributed to her careful education by her mother and her Uncle Leopold, the widower of Princess Charlotte, and afterwards King of the Belgians. It is not possible to tell from the published memorials what clouds overshadowed the Princess Victoria's childhood. She seems to have had a most loving mother, excellent health and abilities, and a judicious training in every way; yet she says herself, in reference to the choice of the name of Leopold for her youngest son, "It is a name which is the dearest to me after Albert, one which recalls the almost only happy days of my sad childhood."

It is evident, therefore, that her young life was not so happy and tranquil as it appeared to be to outsiders. Perhaps her extreme and almost abnormal sense of responsibility was hardly compatible with the joyousness of childhood. There is a story that it was not till the Princess was eleven years old that her future destiny was revealed to her. Her governess then purposely put a genealogical table of the royal family into her history book. The child gazed earnestly at it, and by degrees she comprehended what it meant, namely, that she herself was next in succession to the ancient crown of England; she put her hand into her governess's, and said, "I will be good. I understand now why you wanted me to learn so much, even Latin. . . . I understand all better now;" and she repeated more than once, "I will be good." The anecdote shows an unusually keen sense of duty and of conscientiousness in so young a child, and there are other anecdotes which show the same characteristic. Who, therefore, can wonder at the unbounded joy which filled all hearts in England when this young girl, pure, sweet, innocent, conscientious and unselfish, ascended the throne of George IV. and William IV.? Her manners were frank, natural, simple and dignified. The bright young presence of the girl Queen filled every one, high and low throughout the nation, with enthusiasm.

The American author, Mr. N. P. Willis, republican as he was, spoke of her in one of his letters as "quite unnecessarily pretty and interesting for the heir of such a crown as that of England." Daniel O'Connell, then the leader of the movement for the repeal of the union between England and Ireland, was as great an enthusiast for her as any one in the three kingdoms. His stentorian voice led the cheering of the crowd outside of St. James's Palace who welcomed her at the ceremony of proclamation. He said, when some of the gossips of the day chattered of a scheme to depose "the all but infant Queen" in favour of the hated Duke of Cumberland, "If necessary I can get 500,000 brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honour, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled."

The picture of the Queen's first council by Wilkie was shown this year in the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy. It helps one very much to understand the sort of enthusiasm which she created. The sweet, girlish dignity and quiet simplicity with which she performed all the duties of her station filled every one with admiration. Surrounded by aged politicians, statesmen and soldiers, she presides over them all with the grace and dignity associated with a complete absence of affectation and self-consciousness. Greville, the clerk of the council then, and for many years before and after, writes of this occasion: "Never was anything like the impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was something very extraordinary and far beyond what was looked for." Melbourne, her first Prime Minister, loved her as a daughter; the Duke of Wellington had a similar feeling for her, which she returned with unstinted confidence and reliance. The first request made by the girl Queen to her mother, immediately after the proclamation, was that she might be left for two hours quite alone to think over her position and strengthen the resolutions that were to guide her future life. The childish words, "I will be good," probably gave the forecast of the tone of the young Queen's reflections. She must have felt the difficulties and peculiar temptations of her position very keenly, for when she was awakened from her sleep on the night of the 20th June, 1837, to be told of William the Fourth's death, and that she was Queen of England, her first words to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who made the announcement, were, "I beg your grace to pray for me."

The Queen was very careful from the beginning of her reign thoroughly to understand all the business of the state, and never to put her signature to any document till she had mastered its contents. Lord Melbourne was heard to declare that this sort of thing was quite new in his experience

as Prime Minister, and he said jokingly that he would rather manage ten Kings than one Queen. On one occasion he brought a document to her, and urged its importance on the ground of expediency. She looked up quietly, and said, "I have been taught to judge between what is right and what is wrong; but 'expediency' is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand." Thirty years later one of the best men who ever sat in the House of Commons, John Stuart Mill, said, "There is an important branch of expediency called justice;" but this was probably not the kind of expediency that Lord Melbourne recommended, and the Queen condemned.

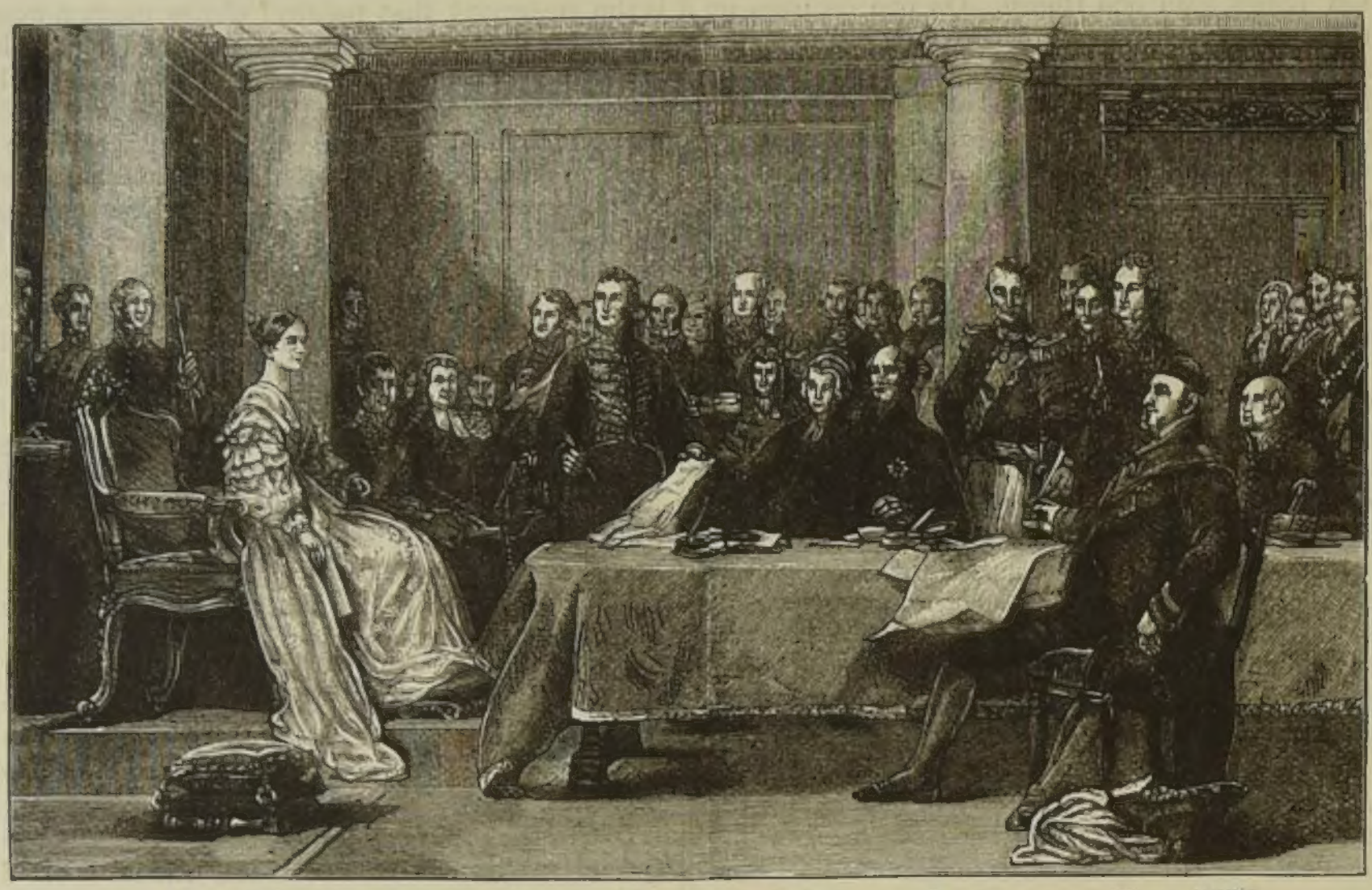
In the "Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson," by Mrs. Macpherson, there is a letter, dated December, 1838, containing the following illustration of the way in which the Queen regarded the duties of her position. "Spring Rice told a friend of mine that he once carried her (the Queen) some papers to sign, and said something about managing so as to give Her Majesty less trouble. She looked up from her paper, and said quietly, 'Pray never let me hear those words again; never mention the word "trouble." Only tell me how the thing is to be done, to be done rightly, and I will do it if I can.'" Everything that is known of the Queen at that time shows a similar high conception of duty and right. She was resolved to be no mere pleasure-seeking, self-indulgent monarch, but one who strove earnestly to understand her duties, and was determined to throw her best strength into their fulfilment.

It is this conscientious fulfilment of her political duties which gives the Queen such a very strong claim upon the gratitude of all her subjects. People do not always understand how hard and constant her work is, nor how deeply she feels her responsibilities. She is sometimes blamed for not leading society as she did in the earlier years of her reign, and it is no doubt true that her good influence in this way is much missed. Mrs. Oliphant has spoken of the way in which in those early years of her married life she was "in the foreground of the national life, affecting it always for good, and setting an example of purity and virtue. The theatres to which she went, and which both she and her husband enjoyed, were purified by her presence; evils which had been the growth of years disappearing before the face of the young Queen." That good influence at the head of society has been withdrawn by the Queen's withdrawal from fashionable life; and there is another disadvantage arising from her seclusion, in the degree to which it prevents her from feeling the force and value of many of the most important social movements of our time. Except in opening Holloway College, and in the impetus which she has given to providing medical women for the women of India, she has never, for instance, shown any special sympathy with any of the various branches of the movement for improving and lifting up the lives of women. Still, fully allowing all this, it is beyond doubt that her subjects, and especially her women subjects, have deep cause for gratitude and affection to the Queen. She has set a high example of duty and faithfulness to the whole nation. The childish resolve, "I will be good," has never been lost sight of. With almost boundless opportunities for self-indulgence, and living in an atmosphere where she is necessarily almost entirely removed from the wholesome criticism of equals and friends, she has clung tenaciously to the ideal with which she started on her fifty years of sovereignty. Simplicity of daily life and daily hard work are the antidotes which she has constantly applied to counteract the unwholesome influences associated with royalty. Women have special cause for gratitude to her, because she has shown, as no other woman could, how absurd is the statement that political duties unsex a woman, and make her lose womanly tenderness and sympathy. The passionate worship which she bestowed upon her husband, the deep love she constantly shows for her children and grandchildren, and the eager sympathy which she extends to every creature on whom the load of suffering or sorrow has fallen, prove that being the first political officer of the greatest empire in the world cannot harden her heart or dull her sympathy. A woman's a woman "for a' that."

So much has lately been written about the supreme happiness of the Queen's married life, and so much has been revealed of her inner family circle, that no more is needed to make every woman realise the anguish of the great bereavement of her life. In earlier and happier years she wrote to her Uncle Leopold on the occasion of one of the Prince Consort's short absences from her: "You cannot think how much this costs me, nor how completely forlorn I am and feel when he is away, or how I count the hours till he returns. All the numerous children are as nothing to me when he is away. It seems as if the whole life of the house and home were gone." Poor Queen, poor woman! Surely it is ungenerous, while she so strenuously goes on working at the duties of her position, to blame her because she cannot again join in what are supposed to be its pleasures.

One of the princesses lately spoke of the loneliness of the Queen. "You can have no idea," she is reported to have said, "how lonely mamma is." All who were her elders, and in a sense her guardians and protectors in the earlier part of her reign, have been removed by death. Her strongest affections are in the past, and with the dead. She is reported to have said on the death of one of those nearest to her: "There is no one left to call me Victoria now!" The etiquette which, in public at any rate, rules the behaviour of her children and grandchildren to the Queen, seems to render her isolation more painful than it would otherwise be. Lady Lyttelton, who was governess to the Royal children, is stated in the Greville Memoirs to have said that "the Queen was very fond of them, but severe in her manner, and a strict disciplinarian." This may have perhaps increased her present loneliness, if it created a sense of reserve and formality between her children and herself.

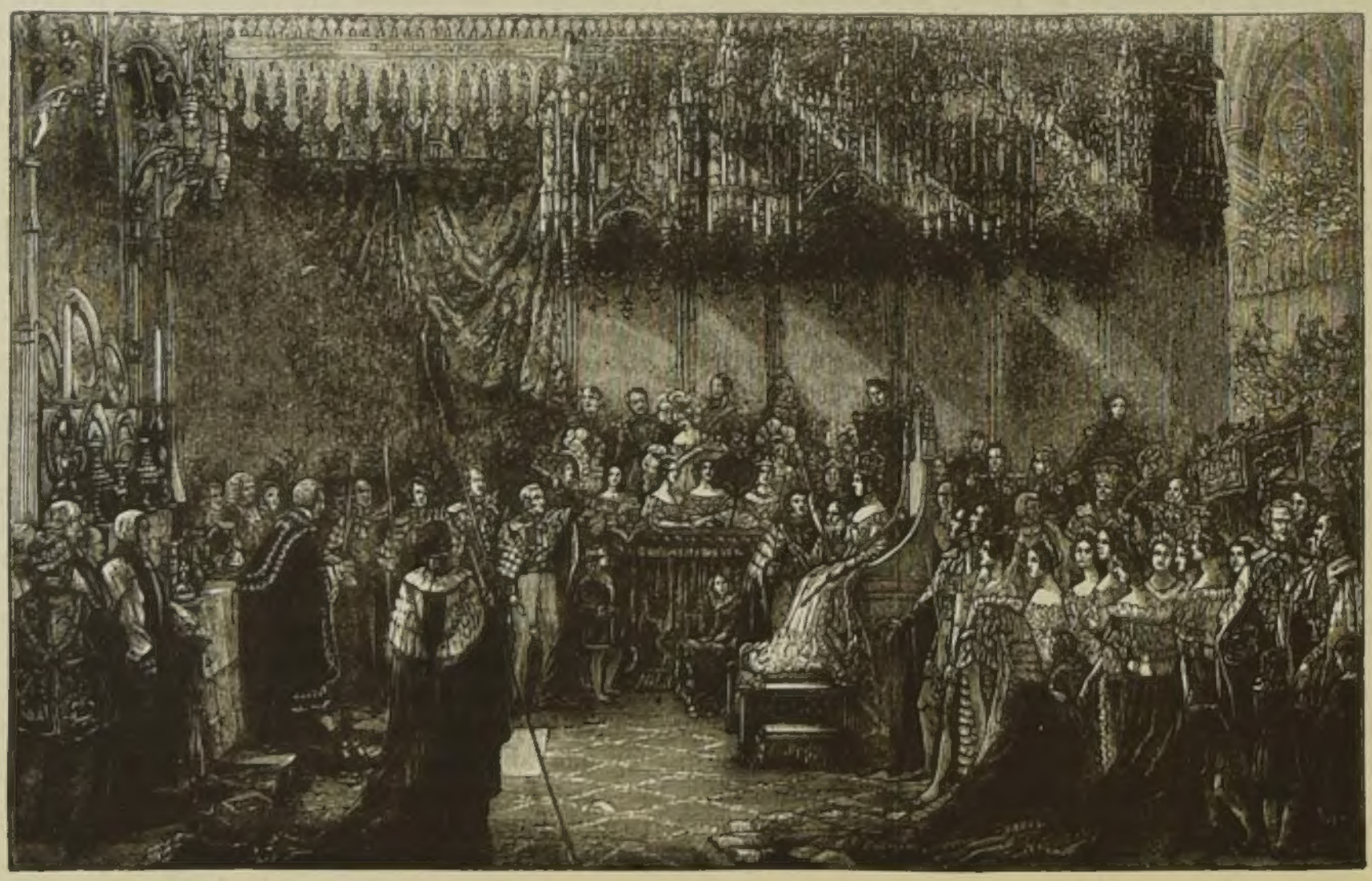
The Queen has always shown a truly royal appreciation of those who were great in art, science, or literature. It is well known that she sent her book, "Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands," to Charles Dickens, with the inscription, "From one of the humblest of writers to one of the greatest." Mrs. Somerville, in her "Life," speaks of the gracious reception given to herself by the Queen while she was still Princess Victoria, when the authoress presented a copy of her "Mechanism of the Heavens" to the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. More than twenty years later Mrs. Somerville wrote, "I am glad to hear that the Queen has been so kind to my friend Faraday. It seems she has given him an apartment at Hampton Court, nicely fitted up. She went to see it herself, and having consulted scientific men as to the instruments necessary for his pursuits, she had a laboratory fitted up with them, and made him a present of the whole. That is doing things handsomely, and no one since Newton has deserved so much." The Queen was also very ready to show her warm appreciation of Carlyle and other eminent writers. In an interview with Carlyle, at the Deanery, Westminster, she quite charmed the rugged old philosopher by her kind and gracious manner. Many years ago, when the fame of Jenny Lind was at its height, she was invited to



THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL, HELD AT KENSINGTON PALACE, 11 A.M., JUNE 20TH, 1837.
(After the picture by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.)

sing in private before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Owing to some contemptible spite or jealousy, her accompanist did not play what was set down in the music, and this of course had a very discomposing effect upon the singer. The Queen's quick ear immediately detected what was going on, and at the conclusion of the song, when another was about to be commenced, she stepped up to the piano and said, "I will accompany Miss Lind."

The Queen's strong personal interest in all that concerns the welfare of her kingdom is well known. She became almost ill with anxiety about the sufferings of our troops in the Crimea, and she wrote frequently to Lord Raglan on



Painted by Sir George Hayter.] THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA. *[By Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.*

From a Photo by] AT HOME, OSBORNE. *[Messrs. Hughes & Mullens, Ryde.*

the subject. Before the end of the siege of Sebastopol, Lord Cardigan returned from the Crimea on a short visit to England, and came to see the Queen at Windsor. One of the Royal children said to him, "You must hurry back to Sebastopol and take it, else it will kill mamma!" Last summer, during the anxious political crisis of that time, a gentleman, who had just seen the Queen, was asked how she looked. "Ten years younger than she did a fortnight ago," was the reply. The severity of the crisis was for the time averted, and the relief of mind it brought to the Queen could be plainly read in the change in her aspect.

A wise and good clergyman, who was also a witty and powerful writer, the Rev. Sydney Smith, preached a sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Queen's accession, in which he gave utterance to the hope that she would promote the spread of national education, and would "worship God by loving peace." "The young Queen," he said, "at that period of life which is commonly given up to frivolous amusement, sees at once the great principles by which she should be guided, and steps at once into the great duties of her station." He then spoke again of peace and of education as the two objects towards which a patriot Queen ought most earnestly to strive, and concluded: "And then this youthful monarch, profoundly but wisely religious, disdaining hypocrisy, and far above the childish follies of false piety, casts herself upon God, and seeks from the Gospel of His blessed Son a path for her steps, and a comfort for her soul. Here is a picture which warms every English heart and could bring all this congregation upon their bended knees before Almighty God to pray it may be realised. What limits to the glory and happiness of our native land, if the Creator should in His mercy have placed in the heart of this Royal Woman the rudiments of wisdom and mercy; and if giving them time to expand, and to bless our children's children with her goodness, He should grant to her a long sojourning on earth, and leave her to reign over us till she is well stricken in years! What glory! what happiness! what joy! what bounty of God!"

The preacher's anticipations of a long reign have been fulfilled, and the bright hopes of that seed-time of promise and resolution can now be compared with the harvest of achievement and fulfilment. There is always a great gap between such anticipation and the accomplished fact; but it will be well for us all, high or low, if we are able, when we stand near the end of life and review the past, to feel that we have been equally steadfast to the high resolves of our youth, as the Queen has been to the words, "I will be good," which she uttered sixty years ago.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMAN.

BY THE LATE HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In looking back fifty years, the sphere of woman, her rights and duties, have been enlarging; her rights have been more and more based upon equity and not on courtesy; her development has not been at the expense of her womanly instincts; she is none the less a refined woman, and fitted for the duties of home, because her enlarged sympathies take in the interests of the whole community. In participating in rights and duties which at one time were exclusively committed to men, she has not become masculine, and there are a multitude of things that can be and are being as well done by a woman as by a man, and in a very large sphere the woman's way is the best.

It may now be said that in matters pertaining to charity, to education, and to religious and humane movements there is no longer any prejudice against the employment of women. Their abilities are recognised, their capacity for good management is acknowledged. Woman is no longer reproached as going out of her sphere when she executes public trusts of benevolence and education.

THE HEALTH OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
* * * * * *
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!"

Such is the picture of womanhood sketched by the hand of one who knew humanity in all its phases, who had studied human nature in every rank of life, and whose keen insight had detected all that was best, as well as much that was frail, in the character both of men and women. To Sir Walter Scott we owe the memory of women who made bright by their presence the home of poverty; and of others who graced a court by the charm of their manner and the simple beauty of their lives; of women who were ready to sacrifice life itself for king and country, as well as of women who in the quiet path of every-day life gave proof of the very same virtues—the same fidelity, self-sacrifice, and devotion—which distinguished the heroines of history.

And yet it is Sir Walter Scott, with all his knowledge of humanity and all his kindliness of heart, who speaks of women as "uncertain, coy, and hard to please;" but, be it remembered, it is he who adds the beautiful description which follows—it is he who raises woman to the rank of a "ministering angel." And shall we admit that this is but a poetic expression and nothing more? Not so; for, from the battle field with its mangled mortality, from the long line of beds in many a hospital, and not less truly from the chamber of many a sufferer, goes up the cry which finds its best expression in these beautiful lines of the poet.

It is in such scenes that woman becomes indeed a "ministering angel;" but while she may still claim this exalted privilege, and still be the gracious messenger of soothing to the sick, it should not be forgotten that long before "pain and anguish wring the brow" woman has a mission to perform—a mission of *prevention* as well as of *cure*—and that it is in those very "hours of ease" of which the poet speaks that this work should begin—a work which, if entered into with the head as well as with the heart, will assuredly tend to prevent some of the coyness, much of the uncertainty, and will probably render woman less "hard to please."

This work is nothing more nor less than a serious study of the "health of the household"—a practical carrying out of the "laws of health;" and no woman should consider her education complete until she has acquired some knowledge of these "laws"—some acquaintance with a subject which should receive the very first attention, because it is of the first importance. In the past, unfortunately, it formed *no* part of any woman's education; and while it was considered indispensable that she should be taught the "rules of deportment," it was never suggested that she should study the "laws of health." Happily for the homes of the future, this state of things is improving, though slowly; and some day, perhaps, we shall arrive at the condition so much to be desired, when all will "follow these laws, and find happiness, contentment, and length of days in so doing."

And it is to women especially that this work of sanitation belongs. It is to the wife, the mother, the sister, that the household looks for much of its happiness; and it is to the wife, the mother, and the sister, that the household *should* look for much of its health. Indeed the two go hand in hand, for where health is lost, happiness can rarely be found. Here and there we do meet with noble instances of those who, having lost that priceless boon, can still be happy and a source of happiness to others; but these are very few; and it much more frequently occurs that the light of life goes out when health departs.

True as this is in all classes of life, it is especially true in the case of the world's workers—of those who depend for daily bread on daily toil. For them, still more than for others, the preservation of health is of the utmost importance, because, as has been well observed, "health is the working man's stock-in-trade"—his capital, and just as a merchant protects his goods, and as a capitalist guards his money, so carefully—aye, and much more carefully—should the workers of the world guard that which is the basis of their means of subsistence—that without which they must become a burden to themselves, a burden to others, and very often even a burden to the State. And yet there is nothing more certain than that much of this needless suffering and consequent misery might be prevented, if only those on whom the care of the health of the household devolves knew something of the conditions on which healthy existence depends—something of those laws which, like the laws of the land, can never be broken with impunity. That much has been done in this respect may be gratefully acknowledged; that much remains to be done must be evident to all.

"But," say some objectors—for sanitary teaching has its opponents—"a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Surely a great deal of ignorance is likely to be far more dangerous! Better be like the soldier who enters the battle-field knowing something, however little, of the strength of the foe than like him who rushes headlong into danger, of the extent of which he knows nothing, and only discovers, when too late, the strength of the enemy whom he so rashly encounters. That "bliss" which has its foundation in "ignorance" is likely, sooner or later, to receive a rude shock; and meantime, the man or woman who trusts to it is little wiser than the ostrich, which hides its head in the sand, and confidingly imagines that because it cannot see its pursuers it is safe from pursuit.

I once met with a case of this kind when lecturing in a village, where all classes attended the course. Side by side were mistress and maid, pastor and people; but there was one mistress who could not prevail upon her cook to come, even once. At the end of the course of lectures, the mistress demanded a reason for such unusual firmness; and the answer was, "Well, mum, I consider I know quite enough about myself already, and if I was to know any more I'm quite sure it would make me feel very uncomfortable." This was clearly a case where "ignorance was bliss!"

Another objection frequently brought forward is, that sanitary teaching is liable to encourage the idea that every one may be his own doctor. Were such a result necessary, or even probable, it would indeed be a serious drawback; but experience shows that the contrary effect follows. No one is less likely to be misled by quacks, or to become such himself, than he who knows even a little of the wonderfully complex structure of the human body; and no one will be more slow than he to believe that what cures his neighbour is sure to be "just the thing" for him; or that it would be well to try some much advertised panacea. Indeed he will be much more likely to take the view of such medicine that a humorous American did when he said, that to his mind, the great difficulty about a panacea was just this: the person who takes the medicine of course knows for which of all the advertised disorders he requires it; but unfortunately the medicine does *not* know to which particular complaint it should address itself, "and so," he adds, "it goes wandering round the system, most probably trying to cure you of a disease which you have not got!"

Finally, we are told that it is no use trying to reform the present generation; that to benefit these we ought to go back and "reform the hygiene of our grandmothers." Most true; it would be desirable, were it possible; for the present generation is very much what the past has made it; but the next, and the next, depend upon the present; and even were it true—though it is not—that nothing could be done for the health of those now fighting the battle of life, even then the fact that much may be done for those who come after should be quite sufficient to induce every woman to give some of her time, and much of her attention, to a subject so well worthy of both.—M. SHEIL, *Lecturer for the National Health Society, and the Ladies' Sanitary Association.*

LIZZIE'S CHOICE.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

"AND you'll go?"

"Go? Aye, that I will, if the missis is only agreeable to the plan. Ten shillings a week more than I get here is what the money is, Jack says, and ten shillings ain't to be picked up every day."

"That's true enough lad; but there'll be drawbacks, you'll find. Living in town ain't like living in the country, you see," said an elderly man, pausing in his work of planing the edge of a door that was in process of manufacture.

"Well, Liz shall decide it; I'll just run home in the dinner hour and take Jack's letter, and let her see it and hear what she says."

It was washing day at home, and so he had brought his dinner with him, that his wife might not be hindered by preparing a mid-day meal, but such news as his brother's letter had brought him was too important to keep until his day's work was done, and so the moment twelve o'clock struck, he dropped the saw he was using, picked up his cap, and started homeward; for the cottage where he lived was a good twenty minutes' walk from the village. He paused as he reached the bit of low fence that ran at the back of the house, and half decided to decline his brother's offer, for never had the home scene looked so pleasant to him before. There by the well stood his wife, pausing with her hand on the lid before she let down the bucket, and laughingly telling his little year-old girl to go back. It was a picture ever to be remembered, the little chubby, happy face framed in the doorway, the summer breeze making music in the trees that sheltered their cottage home from the rough east wind.

The lattice windows stood open, and he knew how sweet and fresh all the house was. Would it be so if he accepted his brother's offer, and went to the town? Would ten shillings a week extra compensate for all he would have to give up?

But he only paused while the bucket was going down the well; as soon as Lizzie took the handle to slowly wind it up again, he darted forward. "Here! I'll do that now. I'm here," he called.

"Oh, Tom, this horrible well is worse than all the washing. I do wish we could go somewhere where the water is laid on," said his wife, in a complaining tone.

"Well, Jack sent me a letter this morning, and if I accept his offer, we shall have to go where we get the water laid on, I expect, but how it will be with other things I don't know."

"Oh, never mind about other things; if we only get the water handy, I'll put up with all the rest."

"Well, but, Liz, you're not so bothered as all that; I always look out and fill a couple of pails before I go in the morning," said her husband, as he landed the bucket at the side of the well.

"What should I do with only two pails of water a day when I'm cleaning? But tell me what Jack says," she added, stooping to pick up little Polly out of the doorway.

So the letter was produced and read. "Ten shillings a week more than you are getting here," exclaimed Mrs. Liddell. "Oh, Tom, you surely will go, won't you?" she added, eagerly.

"Well, Liz, you shall decide. If you think you'll like living in a town as well as the country, why, we'll go."

"Oh, I shall like the town well enough, I daresay, when I get used to it. And ten shillings, Tom—half as much again as you are getting here; oh yes, we'll go. Thirty shillings a week—see what we can do with thirty shillings, Tom."

"Well, it may not be all ten shillings a week in our pockets. There's rent to be thought of."

"We pay rent here; I'm sure six pounds a year is a heavy rent for a four-roomed cottage like this, with only a well to get your water from."

"Not if you manage to make up half the rent out of the garden, as we do, to say nothing of what we have ourselves in the way of fruit and vegetables."

"Yes, but it don't come to half ten shillings a week," said his wife.

This ten shillings a week blinded her to all the advantages and comforts that her present position afforded, and so, before her husband went back to work, the matter was decided. There was no time to lose. Carpenters were wanted at once on the new work, and Lizzie began packing up the very next day in readiness for the removal. They had a long railway journey before they reached Newtown, and so the packing was something considerable even for their small household. They had no difficulty in letting the house, and a week or two saw them in the town, where Lizzie had planned that a fortune was to be made in a very short time.

A cottage had been taken for them by Liddell's brother, a few doors from his own—one of a long line of brick and mortar abominations, where the houses were placed as close together as it was possible to get them, and the dull, smoke-begrimed bits of yard at the back, with their clothes-lines stretched across, struck a chill to Lizzie's heart the moment she saw them. She exclaimed at once, "Tom, we can't live here." Her sister-in-law, who had brought them to see their new house, and who really had taken some pains to see that the repairs were done in readiness for them, chose to feel herself insulted by the remark. "What's good enough for us is good enough for you, I should think," she said, tartly.

"Yes, yes," said Tom. "Look here, Lizzie, here's plenty of water here;" and he turned the tap over the little sink in the washhouse.

"But the yard! Couldn't you have got a house where there was a bit of garden?" asked Lizzie.

"Oh yes, if you like to pay for it; but it's a mile or two out of town, and quite out of reach of the work."

"I told you, Lizzie, you would find things different here," remonstrated her husband; for he could see the tears were in her eyes, and he did not want to offend his sister-in-law more than he could help. "The furniture will be here presently, and then the place will look very different."

Lizzie knew that it was by her own choice they had come, and so, like a wise woman, she resolved to get over her disappointment and make the best of things, but nobody knew

how many bitter tears she shed the first month. She had always been used to have her rooms clean, and neat, and fresh; but now, if she opened her windows to admit the fresh air, smoke and blacks poured in so abundantly that everything was covered with smuts, and, as she said, she was always washing and ironing curtains, yet never had them fit to be seen. Before they had been there long, baby was taken ill, and the doctor said it was doubtless the change of air. She would get used to it by-and-by, perhaps, but he was afraid the place would never suit her. The little chubby limbs were wasting away, and the merry, laughing face grew pinched and drawn, and Lizzie had to nurse her all day to keep her from fretting now. Extra nourishment had to be bought for baby, and this, with the medicine, made a large hole in the extra ten shillings a week her father could earn.

"THERE BY THE WELL STOOD HIS WIFE." p. 91.

It was not of money that Lizzie thought now, but her darling, whose life seemed to be slowly ebbing away. She had ceased even to be fretful, and would lie all day dozing in the cradle, while her mother made the house tidy as quickly as she could, and then came and watched and prayed by the side of her baby. One day Liddell came in as

his wife was bending over the child, and the contrast in the look of both of them from the scene in the garden scarcely three months before, well-nigh overwhelmed him.

"Liz, it's all a bitter mistake our coming here," he exclaimed; "it's been a dear ten shillings a week to us."

"Don't—don't scold me now," said poor Lizzie, hoarsely; "I'd work my fingers to the bone to go back."

"I know, I know; but I don't know how we can get back. I had a letter from Hobbs this morning, and he says the master would be glad of me if I've a mind to go, but that isn't it now, you see."

Lizzie had raised herself, and stood staring at her husband with widely-opened eyes. She, too, was growing thin and gaunt, very different from the bonny, rosy young woman that stood leaning on the well lid only three months ago.

"Can't we go?—we *must* go," she said. "Oh, Tom, Tom, take us back if you have such a chance as this."

"Sit down, Liz, and let's talk things over. You know it took every farthing we had saved to bring the things here, and I can tell you, my girl, it's cost us all I've earned to live while we've been here, and there's the doctor's bill to pay besides. Now there's only one way that I can see of getting back. We must sell our furniture—all but what we actually want to put in a couple of rooms—a kitchen and bedroom."

Lizzie was up in arms at the suggestion. Sell her home—her pretty home that she took so much pride in, that she had worked and saved for long before she was married. Thus she began; but one look at the pinched, white face in the cradle sent all other considerations to the winds. "What am I saying?" she exclaimed. "My home before my baby. No, no, sell everything, Tom—everything so that we can get away from here."

"Then we'll go—you and baby shall go at once—to-morrow, if you get your things together; your sister will give you house-room till I can come on next week; and I'll make the best bargain I can, and sell no more than I am obliged, to bring the rest along and pay the doctor's bill here."

Oh, what a relief it was to Lizzie thus to have the way opened for her to go back to her native village before it was too late!

All that day she was busy polishing up and arranging such things as could not well be left to her husband to do, but she managed to get through all that was necessary before she went to bed, and the next morning she and baby set out on their journey back. Of course all her old neighbours and friends were very much surprised to see her again so soon, but one look at the half-dead child in her arms was enough to quiet them.

"You were a wise woman to come back at once, Lizzie," said her sister when she met her; "I'm not sure that we shall save the baby now, but Tom would have lost you both before long, I believe, and then what good would the ten shillings a week have done you?"

But the baby was saved. When Liddell got back with the furniture the next week, she had begun to amend, and, though he did not bring back more than half he took with him, Lizzie never regretted her choice this time.

JUST as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers seen;
God does not yet His guidance show,
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me still.

LAMPERTUS

GIRLS.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

VI.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive,"

wrote Coleridge, and all the best instincts of human nature confirm the poet's assertion. A wicked or a heartless mother is a terrible and sickening stain on the race, happily so rare as to fill us with something like incredulous horror. For many a bad woman vindicates the truth that she is not all bad by redeeming qualities where her motherhood is concerned. Disreputable and degraded, she will seek, as far as she knows them, better things for her children.

If, in the attitude of mother and son together, there is a certain chivalrousness which pleases the fancy, the relation of mother and daughter together is beautiful exceedingly. It is like that of sisters with a subtle difference. The disparity of age between the two may be the least which can divide them. They may have innumerable tastes and tendencies in common. They may be, and often are, especially in the case of an only daughter or an only child, closest companions. People may look at them and say, "They are like sisters—an elder and a younger sister." I have even known an example, where, as a result of the superior spirit and old-fashioned vivacity of the mother, contrasted with the greater quiet and reserve of the daughter, the mother was comically described as the younger of the two. Still, the difference exists—the old tie—at once exquisitely delicate and enduring, of dependence on the one side and protection on the other, though it may have become subordinate and has passed out of sight, is never really broken. Neither is the faith—half instinctive, with a lingering memory of the child's mind in its absoluteness, when it is exercised by the mature woman, a faith unlike every other in a human being, however it may be hidden and overgrown by later creeds—ever quite lost where a good mother is in question.

"I will tell my mother; she will do her best to help me. I will go to my mother; she will believe, understand, forgive, and pull me through my troubles, if anybody can," many a harassed, repentant, miserable woman cries in her heart, as the Christian cries to God and Christ, as the prodigal said, "I will arise and go to my father," as the little child runs to its mother when it stumbles and falls, and bids her kiss the place which smarts, in full belief that her caress will make it well again.

God help us! many of us never realise what our mothers have borne and done for us till they have gone beyond our loving gratitude, or till we have children of our own, and our eyes are enlightened. In the latter case there is no vain longing which so often haunts the young mother who is herself motherless, or whose lot is cast in exile, hopelessly far from the old home, than to have been able to put her child, if but for once, into her mother's arms—just to have seen it there, just to have heard *her* speak to it, as she had been wont to speak to the baby's mother.

It goes without saying that a good deal depends on the individual nature of mother and daughter as to the position they hold to each other. There are men in their strength who have—particularly when mated to hard and austere women—a softer side to their daughters than the mothers show. There are daughters who are better fitted to fill the chivalrous relation which is equally in force between a father and daughter and between a mother and son, than to play the docile part, with a complete inter-

change of the whole being, which takes place when a mother and daughter thoroughly understand each other and thoroughly harmonise together. But an exception to a general rule confirms, instead of contradicting it. When years pass, and the mother grows old and feeble, there is occasionally a pathetic reversal of the old parts. The mother looks up to the daughter, and clings to her, as the daughter of old looked up to and clung to the mother. The daughter discharges to the mother innumerable loving offices and tender services in guiding the tottering steps and feeding the helpless woman, which the mother at one time fulfilled to the daughter. But though the *rôles* are changed, they are still those of mother and daughter—unique and unapproachable.

It is a happy moment, not unmixed with a passing pang and a lurking apprehension—the pang for the shaken security and constancy of the old childish dependence, the apprehension for the possible superseding of present relations—when the mother first finds her daughter fit to be her companion, her best helper, her most efficient deputy and substitute. It does not signify in what station they are, whether they walk together every day or only on Sundays and holidays, whether they receive visitors and pay visits in company, as a matter of course, each fine afternoon throughout the season, or only entertain friends and are entertained by them on rare and important occasions, whether the mother and daughter work together with their heads, or with their hands—the point of real weight is the close, intimate companionship, the perfect reliance on either side, the blessed sense of giving and receiving aid as a right, and not as a favour or as a purchased boon. These are the considerations which constitute the worth and charm of the situation.

I would earnestly deprecate the drifting apart of parents and children, now so common, unless in exceptional families, or in the rank where habitual association is rendered binding, not only by duty and inclination, but by the stringent requirements of etiquette. The daughter, even when an only daughter, no longer walks out with her mother every day, or on Sundays and holidays. The daughter's engagements with companions of her own age and standing are too numerous and complicated. In the same manner, save in a few ceremonious instances, mother and daughter have ceased to visit in company. For the daughter votes the mother's old friends, and the entertainments which are lively enough to please her, old-fashioned and stupid. The girl does not even give her mother much of her company within doors. If the family is rich enough, there is always some music-room, or morning-room, dedicated to the young people, where they occupy themselves with their own concerns, and engage in their lively chatter unchecked. The mother is at the best a privileged intruder there—still an intruder. If the household is humbler, the daughter will appropriate the drawing-room for her own use, and turn her mother over to the dining-room; or the girl will resort to her bedroom, where she trims her hats, and makes alterations in her frocks, reads her books, and sees her girl cronies.

Lower still in the scale everybody knows how lace-workers and mill hands, while they are still in the same town with their parents, will frequently quit the old homes, taking along with them the additional comfort and brightness which a share of their wages and youthful company would have shed on all around. These enterprising young persons set up joint establishments in lodgings with one or more of their fellow workers, in order that they may do as they like.

I have neither time nor space to speak of the disastrous effects which this withdrawal from the more mature and experienced part of human nature exercises on the tone of society in every grade in which it is found. How crude, flippant, and wrong-headed becomes the human material which is no longer mixed and mellowed with more solid and riper stuff. I cannot stop to point out the loss involved in heart as well as in mind. I can only think of the loneliness and silent mortification of the mother who is thus left behind and put aside by the children who will still come to her every time they wish anything she can get for them. They do not cease to depend upon her in sickness or sorrow, but they have learnt to do without her in health and happiness. They find her in the way of the plans and projects in which she would take the deepest interest, or of the merry talk which would amuse her and help to keep her heart young. The young women have quite given over looking on the services which she requires from them, with the innocent pride and satisfaction which the same services inspired in the same young women while they were still school girls.

The fact is the girls have grown impatient of their mother's old-fashioned notions, and do not care to submit to the slightest restraint which her superior wisdom—or let us call it her narrow-mindedness—puts on her larger-minded descendants.

Nobody wishes to deny to young people the invigorating companionship with their kind, the power and opportunity to take fresh flights and find new pastures. All that is hinted is that there is room for the old ties as well as for the new, that in God's great school the scholars may learn on every hand. It is very short-sighted, and not particularly loyal or generous of them, to reject their earliest teachers and guides, on the first inducement or the slightest provocation.

What should the mother do who would fain have her girls continue to regard her, not merely as their oldest, but as their bosom friend, instead of as a being to be half pitied, half petted, "poor old mum or muz," to be condescendingly played with when the daughters are in the humour, and have their few and far between moments of leisure—what plan should she try in order to avoid being looked upon as a sharp critic or a severe or capricious sovereign, whose rule they shirk, whose judgment they evade? What is the secret for the mother to master if she would have her grown-up daughters continue to tell her their stories, and whisper to her their secrets, with implicit confidence in her sympathy, and trust in her greater experience—if in no other mental gift, to afford them counsel and support?

Whatever she does, the mother must take care to retain the respect of her children. This is quite possible by reverence to a Higher Power, by integrity, unselfishness, faithful discharge of her duties, whatever these may be, and tender affection, however simple and homely she is in other respects, however far behind a younger generation in a liberal education.

She must be free from the personal jealousy which—one does not like to think it, or say it—surely it is a proof that the trail of the serpent appears still where angels' feet might tread—comes sometimes even between mother and daughter. A great and good man, an eloquent preacher, in speaking lately to a large assembly of those qualities in human nature which are perennial, quoted ambition in man and jealousy in women. Is it so, my sisters? I humbly say no—not in the best women. But there are women who are jealous of their very daughters, else why do we hear of mothers who keep their children back, and will not own that they are growing up, lest it should make them—the mothers look their real age, and provoke comparisons which will detract from what the faded beauties fondly believe are

still their youthful bloom and grace? A true mother is young again in her daughter; but all are not true mothers.

It is harder upon her when she has to give up her first place in her child's affections, and be eclipsed by a comparative stranger. But if she can bring herself to this also with cheerful acquiescence — not from pride and vanity, not solely in the worldly interests of the family in general and of one daughter in particular, but because it is natural and good, and for her child's dearest happiness and highest welfare that it should be so — then has the mother accomplished the last sacrifice on the altar of her love. As to losing her daughter, she has not really lost her; she will find her again after many days.

HOW TO FEED A FAMILY.—V.

AFTER the rather heavy beef dinners of the last paper, fish will come in as a pleasant variety. The next menu will therefore be split lentil soup, fried fish, and plain pudding with stewed fruit.

Those who wish to be good housekeepers should habitually think over the morrow's dinner every afternoon. This will give time for the necessary marketing, which should never be done in a hurry in the morning, but in the afternoon—during daylight, however. Those who make a study of marketing will soon find out the best shops, and the best days and hours to go to those shops. Good housewives will thus save many a shilling, and be better served than those who never think of their needs till the last moment. If you have a market, vegetables, fruit, and other perishable eatables, may often be had very cheap in the afternoon, and preserved for the next day's dinner by careful management. Do not be tempted, however, to buy stale fruit or vegetables, however cheap, as they are most injurious. The materials for thick soups (peas, lentils, rice, etc.) can be bought at a reduced price at a good grocer's by taking a bag of six pounds in weight. All your stores should, however, be put into tins or earthenware jars with covers, to protect them from mice, cockroaches, etc., and kept under lock and key.

Split Lentil Soup.

Materials.—Split lentils, ½ lb.; 2 onions, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 3 quarts stock, pepper and salt; Yorkshire relish.

How to make it.—Wash the lentils over night in warm water, and pick them over. Rinse them in a sieve, and put them to soak in cold water. About nine o'clock the next day put them on to stew (straining off the water) in three quarts stock, adding the onion, turnip, and carrot, pared and sliced. When they have boiled three hours, turn the contents of the sauce-pan into a colander, and pulp it through with a large spoon. Warm the soup (which should be reduced to three pints) in time for dinner, adding pepper and salt and a little Yorkshire relish, if liked.

Fried Fish.

Materials.—6 herrings, mackerel, plaice, or other fish, as in season; bread-crumbs, ½ lb.; 1 egg.

How to cook them.—Thoroughly clean the fish, and wash them in two waters; dry them on a clean cloth. Rub ½ lb. stale bread through an iron wire sieve, and place the fine crumbs in a large sheet of white paper. Beat up the egg on a plate. Take each fish by its head and tail, and dip it into the egg (or brush it over with egg); then place the fish on the bread-crumbs in the paper, and turn over the paper till the fish is well covered with crumbs. Put enough clarified fat into a stew-pan to cover your fish, and let it heat till a bluish smoke passes over the surface of the fat. Then take the fish by the tail, shake off all loose crumbs, and fry it in the fat till it is of a golden brown colour. (Should it be thick, it should be split and covered on both sides with crumbs.) Drain each fish from fat by taking it out with a fork, and holding it for a moment over the pan of fat, before placing it in a hot dish on a fish-paper.

Baked Plain Pudding, with Stewed Fruit.

Materials.—1 lb. of flour; 6 ozs. clarified fat; salt and baking-powder, each 1 teaspoonful.

How to make it.—Shred the fat finely (*i.e.*, pare it off the lump with a sharp knife, so thinly that each bit curls up. Mix the flour, salt, baking-powder, and fat thoroughly; then add gradually enough water to make it into a stiff paste. Grease a tin dish, and put the paste into it; bake it quickly for half an hour, then slowly for an hour.

Stewed Fruit.

Materials.—1 quart of strawberries, raspberries, plums, currants, etc., or ½ lb. prunes, or apple-rings, etc., as in season; sugar, 1 teacupful; water, 1 teacupful.

How to cook it.—Place the fruit in a brown necked jar; mix the sugar and water, and pour it over the fruit. Put the jar into a saucepan, half full of cold water, and cover the jar with a saucer. Let it stew for an hour or more (green fruit takes much longer than ripe), the water in the saucepan being kept bubbling (but not allowed to get into the jar). Add more hot water as it boils away, so as to keep the water half way up the sides of the jar.

There is no better way of cooking fruit than stewing, and an almost endless variety of wholesome dishes may be made with it. Rhubarb, blackberries (with a little apple mixed), green or ripe gooseberries, are excellent, stewed; and children who are properly supplied with fruit at their meals will not crave for hard green apples or gooseberries, as do so many who rarely get proper fruit. The cooling salts and minerals contained in this kind of food is absolutely necessary to perfect health, but unripe or over-ripe fruit are both very unwholesome. Therefore, if you should buy fruit in the afternoon, put it on to stew at once. A slow fire is better for it than a quick one, and it will be better cold than hot, at the next day's dinner. It should be served in a glass dish, but do not pour it into this while hot.

Apple-rings, soaked over night, and stewed in this way, with the addition of a little lemon-juice, and a bit or two of rind of lemon cut very thin, are delicious, and very cheap. Good prunes, too, can now be bought at fourpence per pound, and make a nice dish for winter use. If fish should not be procurable, a pound of good sausages will make a good substitute, fried, with neatly cut pieces of fried bread about five inches long by two or three in breadth, on which the sausages should be laid, to serve them. Sausages should be fried without much fat; some kinds of sausage do not require any extra fat to fry them. The bread, however, is best fried in deep fat, or it may be toasted, as less rich and more digestible. The cost of the deep fat is not reckoned because, as I have before explained, it can be used again and again, if properly managed, for weeks.

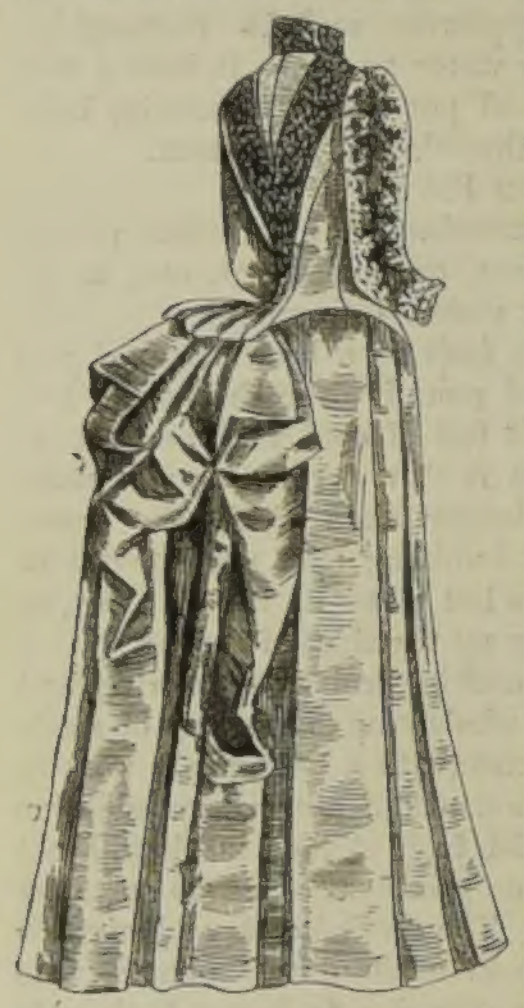
Cost of Materials.—Lentils (½ lb.), 1½d.; fish, or sausages, 9d.; egg, 1d.; flour, 2d.; fat, 2d.; vegetables, 2d.; fruit, 3d.; sugar, 1d.; bread, 2d.; salt, etc., ½d.

Total.—Two shillings, to dine six persons; average, fourpence per head.

I. L. Richmond.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

Fickle Dame Fashion is rather more sensible than usual this year in the matter of dresses. Paniers and tabliers are all but discarded, with everything else that tends to distort the figure. Our hips are left to appear as Nature made them, not one bit larger, and our skirts are full enough to allow the knees full play in walking. The only draperies, as may be seen in our illustration, are placed behind, and kept out by a cushion sewn in at the waist, and two steels in the foundation. This foundation is only required in the back portion of the skirt, as the other part is better and more manageable without one. Walking dresses are made rather long, only just clearing the ground, for in summer time we do not expect muddy roads and streets, and can afford to have our skirts long enough for grace without much fear of damaging them.



The kind of dress we have sketched looks extremely well in nun's cloth, or a dust-coloured beige, relieved with dark brown silk. Either of these materials dye well, and a gown that is not worn out before the summer is over can be dyed, so as to be fresh for the next one, or to form rather a dressy toilette for a winter evening, when there is a little party or a concert. A light-coloured nun's cloth dips a lovely cardinal, and that is a charming winter colour for a young person. The bodice requires a little explanation. The trimming on the back is formed by bands of silk of a darker shade than the dress, or perhaps a contrasting colour, and the collar is the same. Over this is laid some black lace neatly fastened down. The under part of the sleeve is entirely of the material, but down the middle of the front portion is laid a piece of the darker silk, and a wide black lace is put down on either side of it, but not quite meeting in the middle. When finished off with a band and frill of lace, this is a very pretty sleeve.

A nice variation could be made by having a dress of this kind in some pretty white or écru washing fabric, the drapery of course being unstitched before being handed over to the tender mercies of the laundress. The sleeves could be managed with embroidery and a strip of blue or pink ribbon laid down the middle, and so could the trimmings on the back. It would be an ideal dress for a garden party, or almost any outdoor entertainment.

Embroideries are very cheap now; they are made to a great extent by machinery in Switzerland, and for sixpence a yard we can buy embroidery on fine muslin such as we gave eighteenpence for a few years ago.

Organdi muslins are being very much sold in the best London shops for summer dresses. The patterns and colours are lovely, and a muslin when well washed and got up is always new again. There is a daintiness about them which is always attractive to masculine eyes, and men really are the best judges of what women look well in. If a dress of this kind is to be trimmed with lace, torchon is the most useful. It is often very cheap, and is wonderfully strong, and washes capitally.

The mantle we give in this number is simply an illustration of how an old or slightly worn one may be brightened and re-furbished till it takes on quite the air of a new and stylish garment. The idea is taken from a French mantle very recently sent over to London; it was black plush with satin ribbons and trimmings, but in the case of freshening up an old silk or grenadine one the most suitable materials would be a yard of surah and six yards of a soft twilled or crêpe ribbon, which does not look so aggressively new as satin. The surah must be cut in two, lengthwise, and each piece arranged over the shoulder and down to the waist before and behind. A few small but firm stitches will keep it in place, and then the ribbon, made into five bows, must be stitched on where they are seen in the sketch. The bow at the back of the neck hides the spot that always gets greasy and shabby when the mantle has been worn a few weeks, and also looks stylish. It is rather difficult to arrange the surah, but an easy mode of doing it is to cut out the exact shape of what may be called the "brace" pieces in black muslin of two or three thicknesses, cover them neatly with the silk, catching the stitches across and across underneath, and then laying them on the mantle.

Now for a word or two about gloves. Silk and cotton are the nicest for summer wear, and the most economical. Silk gloves wear out at the finger tips, and therefore are eschewed by many people who would otherwise wear them.

The way to remedy this is to keep an old glove of the same colour, or a little bit of thin ribbon or Persian silk. Turn each finger inside out and sew a small piece of the silk on the upper part; the stitches can be made in the seams, and therefore will not show when the fingers are turned again, and the glove is on. Kid gloves of one or two button length are often sold very cheaply because they are no longer fashionable. They can be lengthened to meet the sleeves by the addition of a piece of lace, with a narrow piece of ribbon and a bow at the wrist, and some fine elastic run through the edge of the lace and fastened with a loop and small button. These little contrivances save the purse very considerably, and do not occupy very much time.

There are almost as many colds caught in summer as in winter, especially on coming out of a warm church or school-room into the cool evening air. A good precaution is to buy a strip of swansdown; a yard and a quarter will cut into three pieces the exact size to go round the neck. Line each with a piece of thin white silk, sew on strings of narrow ribbon, and always put one in your pocket when you go out on a summer evening. They are so light that they take up very little space, and are not at all cumbersome, and when tied round the neck are ornamental, as well as useful in protecting the throat.

The flat pattern of the bodice, the skirt, and the mantle described and illustrated this month can be had by enclosing 6½d. in postage stamps to M. L., at the office of The Mothers' Companion. *Please write the word "Pattern" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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